Laundry Day (Rumours Abound)

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Laundry Day (Rumours Abound)

by lumosatnight

Summary

It was an unspoken rule in their building that Sunday was laundry day.

Notes

Prompt: laundry day

Thank you, Em, for running this hilariously themed comp!! Although the nudity is brief, it is indeed there, as is a particularly interesting part of Blaise's anatomy 🍆😏

Like One of Your French Girls: Best Characters Award!

See the end of the work for more notes

It was an unspoken rule in their building that Sunday was laundry day.

Dean nodded at a distressed Neville, from #2D, who was shoving a large duvet into an already cramped dryer. He bumped into Harry and Ron, the couple from #5C, carrying a basket of pink clothes. Ahh, another mix-up with the reds. A few feet away, Seamus was cursing at a washer, giving it a few good kicks. Hauling his fraying laundry basket, Dean made his way over to his flatmate. Mostly, because Seamus had a bad habit of breaking things, and they didn't need another reason for their landlord to hate them this month. Minerva was scary enough on her own without her disappointed frown.

"Stupid — fucking — thing." Seamus gave another kick. He was wearing nothing but his underwear and a pair of mismatched socks.

Dean yanked him away by the arm. "Stop abusing the poor thing. These machines are delicate."

Seamus scoffed. "Yeah, delicate, my arse."

Dean sighed and began loading his clothes into the washer next to Seamus's. "Have you tried turning it off and back on?"

Seamus crinkled his nose, the freckles squishing together near the top. He turned the dial to OFF, waited a few seconds, then turned it back to ON. The machine hummed to life.

"Told you." Dean smirked.

"Shut up," Seamus mumbled.

He bent down, and Dean turned away. He had been around Seamus long enough to guess where this was heading, and he didn't need to see the pale globes of Seamus's arse yet again. He was, therefore, surprised when, as he was adding a scoop of laundry detergent, something hit him straight in the face, something fuzzy and horribly smelly.

"You wanker!" he shouted, noticing Seamus's smug grin.

He grabbed the offending item — Seamus's dirty *sock* — and chased him around the room. The laundry room was small, squeezed into the basement of their drafty old building, but Seamus used that to his advantage. He ducked behind the row of dryers and weaved between an annoyed group of women sorting through their delicates.

"Sorry, so sorry," Dean apologised briefly, chasing after his one-socked flatmate.

Hermione, from #3A, did not look amused, turning her nose up as he passed. Her roommate, Lavender, giggled into her hand. Dean noticed Seamus winking at her. Oh, for the love of god, Seamus was flirting right *now?*

Seamus sprinted through the doorway, Dean hot on his heels. Normally, Dean liked to think he was a considerate person. Sure, he had some idiot friends who got him into some

inadvisable situations, but overall, he was a nice person. He always shared the last slice of cake with his younger siblings. He was extra careful of pedestrians when he rode his bike to the art studio in the mornings. He held the door for little old ladies.

And yet, all of that consideration went out the window when he ran through the door and straight into Blaise Zabini, sending them both flying.

Blaise was, to put it lightly, the building's celebrity. He was rich. He was unfairly attractive. He had a revolving door of equally rich and attractive company constantly going in and out of his penthouse flat. Padma and Parvati, the hot twins in #1E, swore they had seen the Malfoy Corporation heir leaving Blaise's flat last week and Lord Parkinson's daughter the week before that. At least 80% of the building's gossip chain revolved around Blaise Zabini and his mysterious life.

Michael, from #4B, heard the Zabinis were descended from African royalty.

Sue, from #1C, believed they were part of the Italian mafia, and Blaise was the disgraced second son who had gone into hiding.

Justin, from #2E, tried convincing everyone Blaise was a wizard, blessed with immortality but the inability to fall in love.

Hannah, from #5D, claimed his dick was the biggest she had ever seen.

Dean didn't pay attention to many of the rumours. They were just that for a reason — rumours. But looking at Blaise Zabini now, sprawled in the stairway, he couldn't help but notice Hannah might have been telling the truth.

Blaise had landed on the stairs, the green sheet wrapped around his waist — well, it wasn't wrapped around his waist anymore, was it? It was, in fact, lying in a crumpled heap underneath Dean's left foot. He heard Seamus's cackles drifting upward, leaving Dean to clean up the mess.

"Um," said Dean.

Blaise made a move to stand, and… wow, okay, did he really need to do that? And had he been wearing nothing at all besides a sheet? Dean averted his gaze, but not before noticing the quite sizeable package between Blaise's legs. Because, wow, how did he get anything done walking around with that all the time?

"Do you mind?" Blaise gestured to the sheet at Dean's feet.

"Right. Sorry." Dean hopped away. "I'll just…" He kicked the sheet toward Blaise.

Blaise raised a sardonic eyebrow. Okay, maybe Michael had also been right about the royalty thing. Even naked in the middle of the dim basement, Blaise still commanded the room, as if he was born into it.

"Can I help you?"

Dean startled. He hadn't realised he'd been staring, but he also hadn't realised just how defined Blaise's abs were. Christ, they looked chiselled enough that Dean could wash his clothes on them.

Dean swallowed. "Sorry. It's umm…" He trailed off, his eyes roaming higher to Blaise's bare chest and the silver chain that dangled there. Dean had never thought collarbones were that interesting, but he suddenly found himself riveted.

Blaise stepped closer, and Dean remained frozen. There was something on his face, amusement maybe, or at least he didn't seem to mind Dean's staring.

"Blaise Zabini." He held out his hand. "I don't think we've met."

"D-Dean Thomas. I've heard about you." Dean shook his hand, hoping his wasn't too sweaty or embarrassing.

"Oh, you have? What have you heard?"

Dean felt his face heating. Most of the rumours he had heard weren't fit for company.

"Interesting," Blaise murmured. He stepped even closer, pulling Dean's body forward with their clasped hands. Surely, this was not the proper way to introduce yourself to someone. Dean had a hard time keeping his eyes above chest level. He could feel the heat of Blaise's body, a scant few inches away. Blaise leaned in, the barest brush of his cheek against Dean's. "You should stop by sometime. I'm curious to know what you've heard."

Dean shivered, Blaise's breath tickling his ear. In the next second, he was gone, disappearing into the laundry room. Dean slumped against the stair railing, trying to get his breathing under control.

🧦

You should stop by sometime.

Dean didn't know exactly what 'sometime' meant, but he figured a week later was a good amount of time. Besides, he had an excuse. Blaise had left a sock in the dryer. He knew it was Blaise's sock because of the little snakes around the hem and the silver embroidered Z.

Before he could knock, the door swung open, and Draco Malfoy stepped out, dressed head-to-toe in black and looking like he'd just stepped out of a magazine. It seemed Blaise really did know the Malfoy Corporation heir. As he passed Dean, he smirked like he knew something that Dean didn't.

"Good luck," he said in a mock whisper, "he's in a mood."

"Draco, who are you talking to?" Blaise called.

Draco winked and pushed Dean inside, slamming the door before Dean could protest. Dean looked around. The flat was *huge,* taking over the entire top floor of the building. The

furniture was white and so pristine that he was afraid to even look at it, lest flecks of dust fell from his eyes.

“Draco, who the fuck —” Blaise rounded the corner and then stopped.

Dean blinked. So, apparently, traipsing around in nothing but a thin sheet was a normal occurrence for Blaise. This time the sheet was a robin’s egg blue, and it looked delightful against his deep brown skin. He was also holding a cigar, something Dean had only seen the old Italian grandpas do, the ones who loitered outside the pubs on Monday evenings. So, maybe the Zabinis were related to the mafia after all. Dean wasn’t about to rule it out.

“Dean Thomas.” Blaise gave a small nod. “What a lovely surprise. Welcome to my humble abode.”

“Err, hi,” said Dean. He shuffled forward a bit, careful not to brush up against the spotless furniture. “You, uhh, left your sock in the laundry.” He held up the sock. It looked pathetically small and inconsequential when compared to Blaise’s massive flat.

“So, I did.”

“Yeah… erm…”

Blaise took a deep inhale and blew out a cloud of smoke, regarding Dean carefully. He let the cigar twist between his fingers, and Dean was mesmerised at the trail of smoke rising up and around Blaise’s bare shoulder.

“Sit,” Blaise said. “Stay for a drink.” He beckoned him inside, and Dean had no choice but to seat himself on one of the blindingly white armchairs. “What do you fancy?”

You.

Dean almost blurted it out but bit his tongue just in time. Even still, Blaise’s lips quirked like he somehow knew. There was no way he was a mind-reading wizard, was he?

“I prefer anything sweet.”

Blaise nodded and put out the cigar, going to rummage through the kitchen and coming up with a bottle of lemonade. He twisted the cap off with his teeth and spat it into the sink, something which shouldn’t have been as attractive as it was. Stalking over to Dean’s chair, he leaned over it and held the bottle just out of reach. The thin sheet covering his lower half brushed against Dean’s thighs. Dean wanted nothing more than to rip it out of the way and see if what was underneath was as impressive as he remembered.

“Come and get it, then.” Blaise’s dark eyes glinted with challenge.

In a moment of madness, Dean surged up, curling his hands around Blaise’s neck, and kissed him. Madness because Blaise was handsome and rich and smart and so far out of Dean’s league, but Dean wanted him like he’d never wanted anyone before. He tasted like smoke with a sharp tang of alcohol and just the barest hint of lemon. It made Dean’s head spin.

Blaise welcomed him, opening his mouth obligingly and shifting closer. A knee settled on the cushion in between Dean's spread legs, inching in until it was flush with the inner seam of Dean's jeans. Dean moaned, clutching desperately at any part of Blaise he could reach — his shoulders, his arms, his back. Eventually, his hands wandered south and toyed with the edge of the sheet. Blaise, doing increasingly wicked things with his tongue, broke the kiss and trailed his mouth to Dean's ear.

"So, tell me, what rumours have you heard about me?"

"That you — that you're a good —" Blaise moved lower, his teeth nipping harshly at Dean's throat. *"F-Fuck."*

"Hmm?" Blaise's knee pressed closer, a slow grind against Dean's clothed cock. The sheet slipped, revealing new inches of Blaise's smooth skin, and Dean's hands gravitated there without thought. "I best not disappoint."

Blaise was everywhere, heat and lips and tongue. His hand slipped beneath Dean's boxers and rubbed up and down his length. And when had he even gotten Dean's jeans undone? It was overwhelming the way Blaise towered over him. All he could see was Blaise. All he could feel was Blaise. Even if this was a one-time thing, he knew this was some of the best sex he'd ever had.

In no time at all, Dean was tensing, Blaise's body holding him down, and coming all over Blaise's hand and all over the thin sheet barely hanging onto Blaise's hips.

Blaise leaned back, pecked Dean chastely on the lips, and relit the cigar while not moving from his lap.

"Stay," he said between puffs of smoke. "I'll show you what other rumours are true."

End Notes

Bean, my love 💗

Come say hi on Tumblr @lumosatnight!

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